

Station, I send  
Thursday March 26<sup>th</sup>

Dear Deborah,

I received your letter enquir-  
ing about the handkerchief yesterday. It came  
safely, & I acknowledged it in a letter which I  
did not send<sup>+</sup> when I found that letters from  
hence were considered scarlet letters at that time.  
I got a letter from Anne, last night, telling  
of her presentation<sup>+</sup> I suppose, the same <sup>effect</sup> as  
the one you speak of as having received.

Helen is well, & is going to dancing-school on  
Saturday. Of course there is no news here, &  
of course if there were, Warren writes it to you.  
But it is very pleasant, & before the last  
rain, I was getting a very good knowledge  
of Staten Island by walks & drives. Have been  
to the post-office, Factory-village, Quantance Co. Co.

I have read Cecil Deane & reviewed Cooper's novels.  
They respectable dialogues, essays, narratives in turn  
but, except in the dashes of real experience they  
show here & there seem to me to have but  
little to commend them to the high place they  
hold in the world. Bryant says they are works  
of genius. — I cannot see it. I fancy he

85<sup>+</sup> And containing a photograph (A. Silby) of one pose, which she went with the admires to have taken.

I think of this point.

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Something I do not, between the lines; it is like Dearest, seeing, with the eyes of a landscape painter the fidelity of the descriptions, &c. I shall get back to town in a day or two, I suppose: but I do not wish to have the disgrace of the parentage of any possible scandal from that Mr. Vick or may bring the children in his presence. So I am slow — & besides, had as lieve let the house 31<sup>st</sup> street set well on. My yokefellow in N.Y. in the matter of the publishers, tells me that there is a wonderful sympathy for them. This is a Mrs. Sampson, wife of the Millionaire, Joseph Sampson, (Bank of Commerce, — Warren knows him — they are people who have a picture gallery — that last sent to N.Y. Presumably. & I know now why Natty wanted Bowen to have one: It would make a noble's prize of Bro. Henry. The re de rendant has control of the whole flower. But I must not lose the post. I shall walk up to the office.

A.W.C.



Station Island  
Thursday March 26<sup>th</sup>

Dear Deborah,

I received your letter enquiring about the handkerchief yesterday. It came safely, & I acknowledged it in a letter which I did not send<sup>+</sup> when I found that letters from home were considered scarlet letters at that time. I got a letter from Anne, last night, telling of her presentation<sup>+</sup> - I suppose, the same<sup>effect</sup> as the one you speak of as having received.

Eliza is well, & is going to dancing-school on Saturday. Of course there is no news here, & of course if there were, Warren writes it to you. But it is very pleasant, & before the last rain, I was getting a very good knowledge of Station Island by walks & drives. Have been to the post-office, Factory-village, Quarantine Co. Co. I have read Eliza Follen & reviewed Cooper's novels. They respectable dialogues, essays, narratives in turn but, except in the dashes of real experience they show here & there seem to me to have but little to commend them to the high place they hold in the world. Bryant says they are works of genius. - I cannot see it. I fancy he

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Ms. A. 9. 2. 3. 80